

# THE TOWNSHIP REGISTER

The Newark Register

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NILES, WASHINGTON TOWNSHIP, ALAMEDA COUNTY, CALIFORNIA, SATURDAY, MAY 20, 1916.

NO. 14

## AUTO TURNS TRUSTEES TO TURLE; MAN HOLD MEETING BADLY HURT IN HAYWARD

Accident Occurred on Dublin Road; One Received Treatment In Niles.

As the result of an accident Sunday in which, pinned beneath an automobile, he was badly crushed, sustaining a fracture of the skull, Marcellus Lacey, a salesman, is near death in a hospital at Pleasanton. Several occupants of the automobile with him are recovering from minor injuries.

The accident occurred on the Dublin Boulevard near Pleasanton. In the machine with Lacey were Miss Betty McDermott and Miss Della Kennard, Oakland cafe entertainers; Jack Silva and the chauffeur, James Hanson. Hanson was attempting to avoid collision with another machine at a curve. His machine swerved sharply and upset. The two women were taken to the Alameda county infirmary for treatment by passersby. Silva has a broken collarbone, and Hanson and the two women are recovering from painful cuts and bruises.

One of the party came to Niles to see him. He is in his hands, which was severely injured, dressed by Doctor Taylor.

### Trinity Guild Card Party

Trinity Guild held the postponed card party last Wednesday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Clara Martenstein.

There was not a large attendance but all had an enjoyable time. About ten dollars was taken in.

Mrs. E. W. Myer won first prize. Mrs. Wm. Moore second prize and Mrs. J. Alberg the consolation.

Coffee cake and ice cream were served, it is the intention to hold another later in the year.

### To Wed Sunday

Miss Rose C. Faria of San Leandro and Manuel Lopes of Niles, will be married in St. Leander's Catholic church in San Leandro, tomorrow. They will live in Niles.

### Notice To Patrons of Chautauqua

Those who intend to attend the Chautauqua and purchase single admission tickets, are asked to remember that the coming of Chautauqua to Washington Township was made possible by a number of men of the township who guaranteed that 400 SEASON tickets would be sold.

If the number of season tickets are not sold, the committee must pay for the number unsold.

A season ticket costs you \$2.50 and may be used by any member of the family.

Single admission tickets will not count on the guarantee made by the local committee so if you intend to attend any of the Chautauqua sessions, Buy a Season Ticket.

School Trustees Institute to Hold All Day Session Saturday, May 27.

A School Trustees Institute, an innovation in Alameda county, will be held at the Haywards Union High School on Saturday, May 27th, beginning at 9 o'clock in the morning and lasting one day.

The institute will be addressed by Professor Charles Rugh of the Educational Department of the University, Mr. Hatch of the Extension Department of the University, Mrs. Henshall, state organizer of county libraries and other speakers.

Among the subjects to be considered will be the use of visualization in education including exhibits and moving pictures, consolidation of school districts, sanitation, school attendance, the relation between trustees, principals and teachers and the superintendent, school revenues, night schools and home teachers for immigrants.

There will be music and the trustees will have luncheon together at the Hotel. Consideration of the needs of our rural schools is the most important educational theme of the day, and it is the intention of County Superintendent Frick to continue these institutes each year. The public is cordially invited to attend.

### Farm Bureau Meeting

The annual meeting of the Alameda County Farm Bureau which was to have been held at Sunol on May 6th, but was postponed, will be held Thursday evening, May 25th at the Town Hall, Pleasanton.

The program is same as arranged for the Sunol meeting except that Prof. W. T. Clarke of the University of California will deliver an address at 8 p. m.

The Pleasanton Center will hold open house for members of the Farm Bureau.

The Niles Woman's Club will meet Thursday afternoon, May 25, with Mrs. Clara Martenstein.

### Community Development Is Sias' Hobby In Life

Man Who Originated Slogan of "Bury Your Hammers and Buy Horns" Coming to Chautauqua



ERNEST J. SIAS, community development man, originator of the slogan, "Bury your hammers and buy horns," is a primed "pep" promoter of progress. He knows that the range of an idea, like a bullet, depends on the power behind it. The "sights" are all raised on his artillery. He puts a "crimp" in the crank, loosens the skin of the hidebound and whips a town into boosting form.

## GRAND JURY HIGH SCHOOL PROBES ROW PLAY DRAWS AT INFIRMARY GOOD CROWD

Charges Made By Supervisor Foss Occupies Attention of Jury.

"Mid-Summer Night's Dream" Given on Lawn at the High School.

Further probe into the charges made by Supervisor Fred W. Foss regarding alleged conditions at the county infirmary was made Tuesday by the grand jury, which called a number of witnesses.

The whole method of treating contagious cases at the hospital

was gone into by the grand jury in its inquiry into the recent death

there of a little girl, the daughter of a Livermore rancher, who died of diphtheria.

The light rain which fell early in the day did not prevent carrying out the entire program as some thought it might. Each player

carried through his part well, the

fairies were elf-like, the music was

effective and the setting charming.

Leonard Barnard as Bottom, was the "hit" of the evening; Miss Bessie Stiver as Puck, was very fleet, and Miss Dorothy Smith as Oberon, King of the Fairies, was really majestic. A large measure of praise is due all other members of the cast.

For the successful manner in which the play was presented credit is due R. O. Moyer and E. V. Weller, who staged it, to Miss Wills, who directed the costuming and to Miss Barnard, who had charge of the fairies; also to those who co-operated with them.

The cast of characters: Theseus, Joseph Norris; Egeus, Ben Mickle; Lysander, Leopold Falk; Demetrius, Erwin Lewis, Philstrate, Ben Mickle; Hippolyta, Zelmera Domenici; Hermia, Harriet Ellsworth; Helena, Anna Lowrie; Oberon, Dorothy Smith; Titania, Mildred Jung; Puck, Bessie Stivers; Quince, Henry Veit; Bottom, Leonard Barnard; Flute, Philip Griffin; Snout, George Noll;

"So far as the case of the little girl is concerned, she was almost dead when brought to the hospital, her removal having been delayed too long. Everything possible was done to save her, but it was practically futile."

## BABES WATCH ROUND-UP MOTHER BURN TO DEATH AT SAN JOSE JULY 1-2-3-4

San Leandro Woman Perishes In Flames; Attempts to Save Loaf of Bread.

Enveloped in flames from a burning loaf she was baking, Mrs. Lorada Pessicacae, San Leandro, was burned to death in the presence of her four young children Saturday night, despite heroic attempts of neighbors to save her. She was rushed to the County Infirmary, where she succumbed to terrible burns all over her body, Sunday.

She left the bread unattended on the fire and when she returned found one of the loaves burning, when she attempted to save the loaf the flames caught her dress.

While the children looked on in terror Mrs. Pessicacae ran screaming into the street with her clothing ablaze. Neighbors wrapped her in a blanket and so stifled the flames, but not before she had been fatally burned.

### Parent-Teachers Held Last Meeting

The Parent-Teachers Association held its last meeting of the season Friday, May 12th. It was thought best to postpone the election of officers until the first meeting in the fall. At that meeting will occur the reception to the teachers. President Mrs. Oakeshott named the committee for the occasion.

The address at the closing meeting was made by Dr. R. E. Reese on "Environment." Dr. Reese was scientific, biological, popular and humorous. His happy combination of these varied characteristics made the address highly enjoyable to those present.

Refreshments followed, and all felt that so happy a closing meeting promised well for a still more successful season next year.

### Mr. Morrison Passes Away

On last Monday at his home in Castroville, Cincinnatus Morrison died at the age of 89 years and eleven months. He was a brother of David Morrison, the late Perry Morrison and Mrs. Emeline Tyson.

Fodder Dolan left this week for Fresno, where he has accepted a position. He will also play with the Fresno ball team.

Snug, Weston Emery; Starveling, Talton Stealey.

Tisiphone, Semele, Panope,

Philomela, Cynthia, ladies at the

court of Theseus—Irene Benbow,

Dorothy Tyson, Matilda Oliveria,

Elsie Haley, Edith Fair.

Peaseblossom, Moth, Cobweb,

Mustardseed, and Fairies—Cheryl

Moyer, May Walpert, Dorothy

Smith, Willella Moyer, Irma Trimingham, Edna Destrella, Laura Silvia.

World's Champion Riders Will Compete For \$5,000 In Cash Prizes.

A body of leading business and professional men of Santa Clara County have incorporated under the name of the California Round-Up Association and have outlined elaborate plans for holding a monster four-day celebration, to be held in San Jose from July 1 to 4, depicting wild west, the proceeds to go to the charities of the city. The show will particularly feature those thrilling and daring entertainment of the men and women of the cattle ranches when the long hot trails from Mexico to the Blackfoot reservation in northern Montana were alive with droves of cattle and No-Man's Land was the rendezvous of bandit and rustler. There will be dozens of the vanishing sports revived and all will be qualified to inspire the spectator with the romance of by-gone period. Chief among the exhibitions will be bronco riding, trick riding,

horse racing, sheep herding, cattle races, steer riding, fancy rope spinning and lassoing, bull-dogging, wild horse and wild coach races, relay riding. World's championships will be contested for and valuable cash prizes amounting to \$5,000 are to be distributed to winners.

Letters received by the committee from cattlemen throughout the West show a marked interest in the coming celebration and Round-Up to the extent that dozens of cattle companies and individual owners have signified their willingness to enter their crack riders and horses in the meet.

During the evenings of the big event every form of street entertainment will be had, along with novelties of a spectacular nature.

At the present time plans are being completed for building a quarter-mile track and a 15-acre arena, together with bleachers and grand-stand all of which will cost in the neighborhood of \$25,000. Seating capacity for nearly 15,000 has been arranged for.

The celebration has the endorsement of the San Jose chamber of commerce, merchants association, Rotary Club, board of supervisors, the labor bodies of the city, and all civic and fraternal bodies throughout the country. Officers of the organization who represent the leading citizens of San Jose, are: Louis Oneal, president; A. B. Langford, vice-president; John B. Shea, secretary; Frank Matten, treasurer.

### Despondent Man Hangs Self to Tree

The body of Michael Baryna was found hanging to a tree near the Sunol bridge Thursday by employees of the Spring Valley Water Company.

It is believed he hung himself because of loss of employment recently at a brick plant.

MEXICAN SITUATION  
IN PARAGRAPHS

Reading, Pa., May 11.—Batteries D, E and F, Third United States artillery, left today for Texas.

Pensacola, Fla., May 11.—The twentieth and twenty-seventh companies of coast artillery left today for Fort Sam Houston, Tex.

Marathon, Tex., May 11.—Mexican bandits again crossed into American territory last night and attacked civilians and soldiers.

Wilmington, Del., May 11.—The one hundred and twelfth company, coast artillery, numbering 125 men, left Fort du Pont early today for Texas.

Brownsville, Tex., May 11.—Curtis Bayless, an American farmer, was shot tonight a short distance from his home near Mercedes, Tex., by a band of four or five Mexicans, who succeeded in escaping.

San Francisco.—Collector of Customs Davis received an official message, May 11, from Assistant Secretary of the Treasury Edward J. Peters ordering him to seize all shipments of munitions to Mexico.

Marathon, Tex., May 11.—Mexican bandits yesterday evening fired on a military automobile conveying a message from Major Langhorne to Colonel Sibley at a point eighteen miles north of Bouquillas, on the Marathon-Bouquillas road.

El Paso, Tex., May 11.—Major General Hugh L. Scott, chief of staff of the army, notified Mexican Minister of War Obregon today that President Wilson had authorized him to refuse the demand for the withdrawal of the punitive expedition.

Junction City, Kan., May 11.—The twenty-five student officers of the army mounted service school at Fort Riley will be graduated at once, and will leave for service on the Mexican border. Immediate graduation was ordered by the War Department.

San Francisco.—With the departure May 11 of troops from Vancouver Barracks and Fort George Wright at Seatt

tle, the 120th and 140th Regiments of the War Department are dispatched to the Mexican border. Sixteen companies, or approximately 1200 men, made up the movement.

Brownsville, Tex., May 11.—Fort Brown, the military post here, abandoned in 1906 by the War Department, and which has been under the jurisdiction of the Department of the Interior since 1911, has been returned to the War Department, according to a private message from Washington received here tonight.

El Paso, Tex., May 11.—Rioting started in Chihuahua, a small settlement within the city limits of El Paso, tonight at 9:30 o'clock, when a mob of thirty Mexicans attacked the provost guard with bricks. The guard consisted of eight United States soldiers. To defend themselves the soldiers were compelled to fire into the mob. There were no fatalities.

San Antonio, Tex., May 11.—Mobilization of the Texas national guard at Fort Sam Houston for service in the United States army virtually was completed tonight with the arrival of all but two companies of the state militia. The complement of the Texas guard ordered to report at Fort Sam Houston is thirty-seven companies of infantry, two troops of cavalry and two batteries of light artillery, in all about 5,000 men.

Berlin.—The Frankfurter Zeitung publishes a report that General Townshend, the British commander who recently surrendered at Kut-el-Amara, Mesopotamia, had with him in the fortress his two daughters. They have been sent to Constantinople. They were offered free passage through the lines during the siege, but refused to accept the offer.

Minneapolis.—Mrs. M. J. Skoll committed suicide Tuesday, May 9, by hanging, in order that her six children might receive \$1,000 life insurance, according to a signed statement by her husband, who is being held pending investigation.

New York.—A political headquarters to boom Henry Ford for President is to be established in New York, according to reports. It is said that the office is to be opened by the "Patriotic Peace Society."

Berlin.—Joseph C. Grew, secretary of the American Embassy in Berlin, will depart shortly for New York on private business, the Overseas News Agency says. Grew's father died recently.

## ROANOKE CARGO SHIFTS AND STEAMER GOES TO BOTTOM

Captain Richard Dickson and His Wife Among Those Lost; Four Are Rescued Who Tell Story of Terrible Disaster

Port San Luis—Three unconscious sailors in an open boat, sprawling across the bodies of five of their mates who had died through exposure, brought to Port San Luis Wednesday evening, May 10, mute testimony of one of the worst sea disasters on this coast in years—the foundering of the steamer Roanoke of San Francisco, bound for Valparaiso, and the loss of probably forty-seven lives.

The Roanoke carried a heavy cargo, made up largely of explosives and inflammables. It was the shifting of this cargo under the impact of heavy seas that caused the disaster, according to the only survivor able to talk.

The first intimation that a tragedy had been enacted on the bosom of the ocean came at 6 p.m., May 10, when Lighthouse Keeper Smith saw, through his glasses, a boat bobbing up and down on the waves at the end of the Port San Luis breakwater, about a mile from shore. There was no sign of life in the little craft. No movement could be seen, although in the bottom of the boat were the forms of several men.

By telephone the lighthouse keeper quickly informed the clerk at the Hotel Marie, at this place. The clerk, in turn, apprised Captain John Neilson of the Union Oil Company. Captain Neilson organized a relief party and set out for the breakwater in his power launch.

Painted across the bow of the little life-boat which, with its tragic cargo of the sea and the wind had derisively wafted toward port when they had done with their victims, Captain Neilson read the name "Roanoke."

On first inspection the relief party concluded that all the eight men in the life-boat of the Roanoke were dead. The bodies were stiff and cold to the touch. They lay sprawled in gruesome attitudes. In answer to hails there was no word from the little sea-battered craft.

Captain Neilson, however, was not satisfied. He crawled over the gunwale of his launch into the smaller boat alongside and personally examined every man. His reward was the discov-

er that the Park of life remained in three of them.

As quickly as he had gone out on the first alarm from the lighthouse keeper, Captain Neilson sent his launch back to the wharf, carrying with it the inert bodies.

They were Joseph Erbe, Manuel Lopez and John Roach, all of San Francisco.

San Francisco—One more survivor of the ill-fated North Pacific liner Roanoke was picked up Thursday morning, May 11, in a drifting lifeboat which had as the other half of its grousers cargo a dead body.

No hope is held out for either Captain Richard Dickson or his wife, the only woman on board the Roanoke.

The first account, given by Quartermaster Joseph F. Erbe, was that Mrs. Dickson had been thrown into the sea when the vessel listed and that the captain had promptly jumped into the waves after her. His mind cleared by rest and strength, he corrected this story, saying that when the lifeboats were putting off from the sinking ship Captain Dickson and his wife were left clinging to the bridge. When Erbe lost sight of the vessel in the heavy seas the captain and his wife were still visible.

GET READY TO READ  
LIGHT BROWN PAPER

Oregon City, Ore.—All Pacific Coast paper factories have begun the elimination of aniline dye from their print paper-making processes, according to announcement at the offices of the Crown-Willamette and the Hawley Pulp and Paper Company mills. Already the use of aniline products has been reduced 50 per cent and gradually it will be dropped, owing to the tremendous increase in the cost of the products since the war began. The price has advanced from 30¢ cents a pound to \$15 a pound.

The ultimate result will be to turn out newspaper stock the natural color of the pulp.

Kingman, Ariz.—Mrs. George B. Davis, aged 40, wife of a cattle man, and two of her eight children, were burned to death May 11 in a fire that destroyed her home at Hackberry, twenty-six miles northeast of here.

Mrs. Davis had rescued six of the children and returned into the house for the other two—one a month-old girl and the other a 4-year-old boy—when the roof collapsed.

Quartermaster Erbe said that the boat which he first entered was swamped on account of poor handling. Hurled into the water, he swam to a floating plank and clung to it until he was picked up by the craft containing Lopez.

In this they attempted to row ashore. There were eight aboard when the start was made. Three died Tuesday night and were left in the boat.

One more died Wednesday afternoon and the fifth died just as the party reached Port San Luis breakwater.

In a spirit of adventure young Carlo A. Belgrano, Fremont High School student of Oakland and son of Francis N. Belgrano of 1132 Seventh avenue, vice-president of the Italian Popular bank, has probably met death at sea.

He induced his father to let him leave school and accept the position as freight clerk on the Roanoke. He would have graduated this spring.

The Roanoke was owned by the North Pacific Steamship Company and had been in the passenger trade on this coast for many years. She sailed from San Francisco at midnight Monday, May 8, bound for Valparaiso. Her cargo, worth \$250,000, consisted of 600 tons of dynamite, 1300 tons of wheat and several hundred drums of gasoline and oil.

C. P. Doe, general manager of the North Pacific Steamship Company, owner of the Roanoke, said the steamer was only about one-third insured and was valued, at the present price, at about \$300,000. He said:

"The Roanoke was an old steamer, but we had already been offered in excess of \$300,000 for her and so valued her at that figure."

"Captain Dickson has been with us for about seven years, during five years of which he was in command of the Roanoke. On this voyage he obtained special permission to take his wife with him."

"Daniel McInnes, the chief engineer, had also been with us for a number of years and both men were thought highly of by the company."

Insurance companies of California street estimate their loss as \$500,000 by

the sinking of the steamer Roanoke. But a small amount of insurance was held on the vessel, although a large amount was carried on the cargo and oil.

Answering statements that the Roanoke left San Francisco very heavily laden, E. L. Jenkins, auditor of the California South Seas Company, which chartered the vessel from the North Pacific Steamship Company, said that the stowing of the vessel was superintended by C. P. Doe, president of the North Pacific Company, owner of the vessel.

"We had a large amount of cargo left over," said Jenkins. "I believe that Doe, who is certainly a competent steamship man, used his best judgment as to the amount of cargo his vessel could carry. Furthermore, the port surveyors are exceedingly alert to prevent overloading."

"The fact that the captain took the ship out and kept her on her course for sixteen hours goes to show that he was satisfied that the Roanoke was properly loaded. Had it appeared otherwise he would have turned back."

Roanoke's History.

The Roanoke was built in Chester, Pa., in 1882. It was of 2354 tons, 267 feet long and 40.5 feet beam.

"POTATO KING" SHIMA MORTGAGES BIG ACREAGE

Stockton—Records here show that George Shima, known as the "Potato King," and Shime Shima, his wife, have mortgaged their property in this county to the Yokohama Specie Bank, Limited, of San Francisco. The amount of the mortgage totals \$363,000 and interest, and is given as security for six promissory notes.

A great amount of San Joaquin property is mortgaged through the Shima deal, as well as property in the Wagner Tract, the Wright Tract and the Cohen-Bishop Tract.

PLANS TO GIVE PACIFIC COAST 20 SUBMARINES

Washington.—The naval bill will contain appropriations for two dreadnaughts, four battle cruisers and fifty submarines, according to Representative Stevens of California, member of the committee. He said it is possible the bill will include six battle cruisers.

The Navy Department plans to station on the Pacific Coast from fifteen to twenty of the new submarines.

## GOLDEN STATE NEWS

TERSLEY TOLD

Orland—Orland is rapidly becoming an auto stage center.

Chico—The frost has injured the gardens in this vicinity.

Tahoe—The road between Lake Tahoe and Reno is now open.

Plymouth—This city will hold a Fourth of July celebration.

Weed—The Siskiyou County Sportsmen's Club met here May 10.

Woodland—The home of Fred Gramm was robbed in broad daylight.

Martinez—James Hoey has been endorsed as postmaster for Martinez.

Rio Vista—Committees have been appointed to arrange for a horse show.

Napa—Thomas McBain, pioneer of Napa, died here Monday night, May 8.

Willows—Albert Bradshaw and Miss Meta Marie Todter were married here May 8.

Paradise—The funeral of Mrs. Minnie Kerns Copeland was held here Wednesday, May 10.

Livermore—Altamont farm bureau center has been organized in the Altamont district.

Chico—John Wilson has purchased 16½ acres of orchard land from William Hollingsworth.

Woodland—The \$200,000 bonds for the new county court house carried by a large majority.

San Diego—Thirty girls of the San Diego High School have enrolled for Red Cross work.

Stockton—Declaring that he was starving, George M. Mohr broke into jail by stealing.

Napa—Sol. Frank has been charged with killing Maurice Golstein, a San Francisco merchant.

Willows—Mrs. Momona R. Bottero has charged her husband with an attempt to commit murder.

Richmond—Rev. H. W. Vodray of New York will become the pastor of Calvary Baptist Church.

Placerville—The Yellow Jacket mine has been sold to A. Bilbie of Colorado, who is backing a corporation.

Downieville—Surveyors are working on the grade for the proposed highway from Campionville to Downieville.

Butte City—The Rev. T. J. O'Connor will remain here another year as pastor of the First Congregational Church.

Government knew nothing of General Maxwell's doings.

At present everything conceivable, said Dillon, was being done to spread disaffection throughout the country.

Limerick, Clare and Mayo counties were not in a disturbed condition, and their reward was the sending of troops to make arrests.

"If Ireland were governed by men out of Bedlam," shouted Dillon, "they could not pursue a more insane policy. You are letting loose a river of blood between two races which, after 300 years of hatred, we had nearly succeeded in bringing together. You are washing out the whole lifework in a sea of blood."

After declaring that the primary object of his amendment was to put an absolute and final stop to the executions, Dillon proceeded:

"In my opinion the present government of Ireland is largely in the hands of the Dublin clubs. What is the use of telling me that the executive authorities acted in close consultation with the civic executives of officers of the Irish government? Who are these officers? There are none; they have all disappeared. There is no government in Ireland except Maxwell and the Dublin clubs. Every-

## BRITISH RULE IN IRELAND FLAYED BY MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT

Speech By John Dillon Raises Storm In House of Commons As Leader Makes Fierce Attack on Policy of Military

body in Dublin knows that.

"Before the civil officers took flight the military officers treated them with undisguised contempt and from the day martial law was proclaimed the civil government came absolutely to an end. The men of the old 'ascendancy' party are going about the streets of Dublin, openly glorying in the rebellion; they claim that it brought martial law and real government into the country. That is what makes the situation so terrible. If that program is to be enforced in Ireland you had better get ready 100,000 men to garrison the country. And then what sort of appearance will you make as the champions of small nationalities?"

The loud cheers were renewed and Dillon continued:

"There was little wonder," he said, "that Dublin was seething with rumors, and but for the action of John MacNeil, who broke the back of the rebellion, the military would have been fighting still."

Dillon charged that men had been threatened with death unless they gave evidence against comrades. In one case a boy of 15 was ordered to give evidence. He said, "I won't," and the officer said, "you will be shot." The boy replied "shoot away."

The boy was then blindfolded and taken away and was again asked to inform, but replied, "No." He was then made to hear the click of rifles. Afterward the bandages were taken from his eyes and he was sent home. After describing this incident, Dillon said:

"I call that damnable and intolerable."

Relating further incidents, Dillon continued:

"Another man said, 'Shoot me, for I have killed three of your soldiers.' That may horrify some of the honorable members here, but I am proud of these men."

This remark met with loud cries of "shame," but the speaker went on:

"I am proud of their courage, and if the English people were not so dense they would have these people fighting for them."

Among the personal incidents Dillon related was one concerning his son. He said:

"My son, seventeen and a half years of age, applied for a military pass to go to Kingstown. He was asked his name and college and was grossly insulted by a British officer, who refused to accept the pass. This son had asked permission on his seventeenth birthday to join the British Army. I gave him leave to enlist when he became 18. He will never join it now and there are tens of thousands of other similar cases."

"After all, it is our country, although you look upon it as a sort of back garden which you can trample into dust without consideration."

There was a lively incident at the conclusion of Dillon's speech. He was saying that the insurgents had made a good, clean fight, however misguided. He was interrupted by a member and retorted:

"It would be a good thing if your sons were able to put up as good a fight—3,000 against 20,000 with machine guns and artillery."

# THE SANDMAN STORY

By Mrs. F. A. WALKER

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SUNSHINE AND CLOUDS.

Once upon a time there were two sisters, one was called Sunshine because she was always laughing and had a kind word for everyone.

The other sister was called Clouds, because she was so cross-looking and never had a pleasant word for anyone.

Sunshine and Clouds lived with their uncle, who was a miser, and when they grew up he thought they ate too much, so one morning he gave each of them a pail filled with food and told them they must go away and earn their living.

They walked a long distance the first day without finding work, and when it came night they sat under a tree to eat their supper.

"Let us eat the food from your pail first," said Clouds, "and then we can throw away the pail and only have one pail to carry."

Sunshine thought this was a good plan, and let her sister help herself to all the nicest things in her pail, and then next morning they ate from Sunshine's pail also, and when night came they were still without a place to sleep, and Sunshine's pail was empty.

Clouds sat down to eat her supper, but she did not offer her sister any.



"What Is It?" Asked One.

Clouds asked Sunshine for something she replied: "If you were silly enough to give away your share do not think I am silly also. I shall keep this for myself."

Sunshine cried herself to sleep that night, more because of her sister's unkindness than because she was hungry, and the next morning when she awoke she found herself alone. Clouds had gone away before she was awake.

Poor Sunshine walked all day and asked at each door for work, but none could she find, and she was afraid to sleep under a tree alone, so she crawled between two rocks and pulled the bushes over her to hide herself from the animals that lived in the wood.

When she awoke the moon was shining, and she heard voices, and looking out from her hiding place, she saw some queer-looking little creatures sitting on the ground. They were the little brown men, and they were talking of the king who lived in a big castle not far away.

"I could tell him what would restore his daughter's sight," said one, "but what good would it do for me to go to the castle; I am so small that they would not see me, and if they did I do not know what would happen. No, I am not going to take any such risk, but I will tell you what would cure her."

"What is it?" asked one.

"If the princess would get up early in the morning and go into the woods while the dew is still on the bushes and get a cupful of the dew and then find the well of fire that is on the top of the mountain and set the dew to boil over it, and when it is cool drink it, that would cure her."

Sunshine listened, and when the little brown men went away she remembered what she had heard, and the next morning she ate some berries and started for the castle, where the blind princess lived.

"I want to see the king," said Sunshine, when the gate of the castle was opened.

"What do you want with the king?" asked the king's servant.

"That I cannot tell to you," replied Sunshine; "but you must let me see him or the little princess will always be blind."

When the servant heard that he let Sunshine in, for everyone loved the little princess.

When Sunshine told the king the cure she had learned from the little brown men he did not have much faith, but he wished to try everything, and so one morning the little princess set out with Sunshine and gathered the dew in a cup.

All day they walked, for it was a long way to the top of the mountain, and just as the sun was going down they came to the well of fire.

There was a grating over the top and on this the little blind princess guided by Sunshine placed the cup, and as soon as the dew boiled Sunshine took it off to cool.

## The Farm Boy's Creed.

I believe that the country which God made is more beautiful than the city which man made; that life out of doors and in touch with the earth is the natural life of man. I believe that work with nature is more inspiring than work with the most intricate machinery. I believe that the dignity of labor depends not on what you do but how you do it; that opportunity comes to a boy on the farm as often as to the boy in the city; that life is larger and freer and happier on the farm than in the town; that my success depends not upon my location, but upon myself; not upon my dreams, but upon what I actually do; not upon luck, but upon pluck. I believe in working when you work, and in playing when you play, and in giving and demanding a square deal in every act of life.

"Drink it now," she said when it was cool enough.

The little princess drank, and in a few minutes she said: "I see a beautiful bright light; what is it?"

"That is the sun setting," said Sunshine. "You can see now, and the world will always look bright to you, for you will no longer be blind."

Sunshine took the little princess back to the castle, where the king was waiting, and when he knew that his daughter's sight had been restored he held a feast and told everyone how Sunshine had cured the princess, and in return for this he intended to make her his daughter also.

In the midst of the feast a servant came to the king and said that a girl had been found by the side of the castle wall faint from the want of food, and when they brought her in Sunshine saw it was her sister Clouds.

But she did not tell the king how selfish Clouds had been to her; she only said: "She is my sister; we were lost in the woods."

When Clouds found how kind and unselfish her sister was she became ashamed of herself and determined to be like her, so for the sake of Sunshine the king adopted both of them, and they lived at the castle with the little princess and grew up to be good and useful women.

## BACKYARD GARDENS BY BOYS

Government Specialist Says Children Are Able to Carry on Larger Projects Than Expected.

"Boys and girls are able to carry on much larger garden projects than we

formerly believed," says Dr. C. D. Jarvis, the government specialist in children's quarters.

"There is no trouble in stirring up

interest in growing things where chil-

dren are concerned," he adds, "and many little gardeners have utilized

every inch, otherwise unproductive

enough, of their back yards. Often,

however, there is a shortage of pen-

nies wherewith to buy seeds; and to

supplement these gratuitously, and still to

the glee of the children, the seeds are

gathered from the house of Jenny. Therefore

the designer did not stop, but proce-

ded to veil the whole frock in a mist

of net, and did this most artfully.

A flounce of the net is set on under

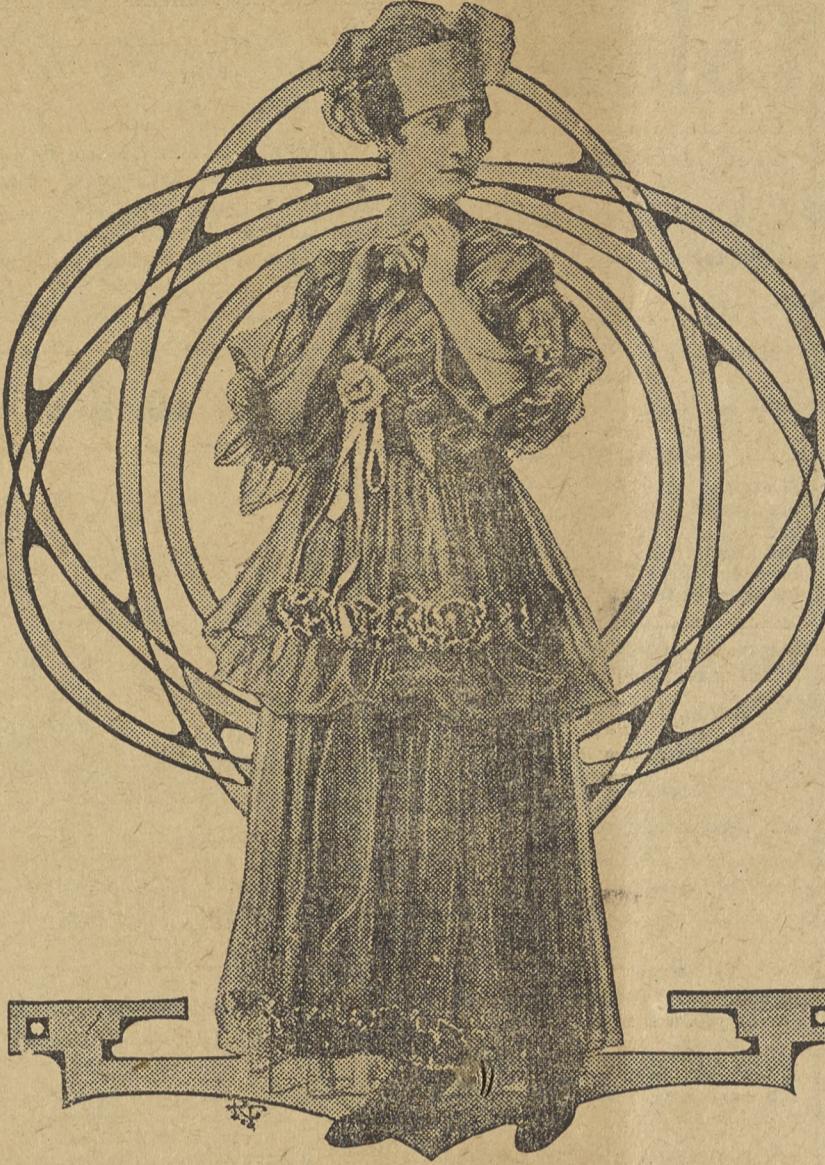
the ruches about the hips and allowed

to fall until it reaches a length more

than two inches greater than that of

the silk skirt. It is finished at the bot-

## Evening Dress in Black



Anything from the establishment of Jenny, in Paris, may be counted upon to interpret the mode with delightful refinement. In the productions for this season there is a leaning toward black, in this house, which is especially apparent in models for evening gowns. One of them, in which silk net and taffeta are combined in a way that will please the discriminating, is shown in the picture here. It has a full round skirt of the silk, shirred at the waist and finished with a ruche of the silk about the bottom and about the hips. There is a bodice of the taffeta, with midvictorian shoulders and puffed elbow sleeves, finished with a full ruche of the silk. It is draped in surplice fashion at the front.

If the designer had stopped here there would be nothing lacking to make this an acceptable afternoon frock of a simple and attractive sort, but with nothing about it to bespeak

the glee that is expressed by modes

# The Township Register

The Newark Register

M. Smith, Editor.

## SUBSCRIPTION RATES

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Three Months	.50

Entered as Second Class Matter  
July 17, 1909, at at the Post Office  
at Niles, California, under the Act of  
March 3, 1879.

The European belligerents now talk  
of peace seriously for the first time  
since the war broke out. Various semi-  
official statements have been given out  
from time to time and many views ex-  
pressed by national leaders as to what  
would and what would not constitute  
the demands of the nations for which  
they spoke. All along the German  
theory has been that the allies con-  
templated Germany's extinction as a  
nation and would be satisfied with  
nothing less. There may have been  
grounds for that belief. On the other  
hand, spokesmen and press agents for  
the allies asserted that Germany's ambi-  
tion was to subjugate pretty much  
the whole world, including America.

Now comes the German chancellor  
with his not extremely startling dictum  
that Poland will not be returned to  
Russia and that there must be  
"a new Belgium." Furthermore, Ger-  
many has no ambition for territory  
either in North or South America. To  
balance this frank avowal, the British  
prime minister insists that the allies  
have no intention of crushing the Ger-  
man nation to the extent of wiping it  
off the map of Europe. In both decla-  
rations optimism can detect rays of  
hope that both sides are ready to com-  
pare notes, even to make concessions.  
Peace may not be near, but enough has  
been disclosed of the animus behind the  
belligerents today to justify, if not to  
make obligatory, a military truce and a  
formal presentation of the terms  
which must be discussed before peace  
can be reached. If The Hague peace  
court were a substance instead of a  
shadow, now would be its opportunity  
to constrain the warring governments  
to give to the world, to their foes and  
to their own people the ends for which  
they are now fighting, and short of  
which they will not halt.

A year ago now the allies seemed to  
be at the high water mark of success,  
or, rather, the Teutons at high tide  
and the allies overtaking them. The  
Germans had been stopped for months  
before the apparently impregnable de-  
fense line. Now, the Austrians had  
been pushed over the crests of the  
Carpathian mountains, and the rich  
plains of Hungary, as well as the com-  
munications with Vienna, seemed to  
be at the mercy of the invading Rus-  
sians. Suddenly Von Mackensen's  
Austro-German column smashed the

Russian right flank in west Galicia,  
and from that moment for a whole  
year the initiative and the honors rest-  
ed with the kaiser.

Investigation of our military pre-  
paredness resources shows that there  
are 101 educational institutions now  
giving military instruction. In 1915  
there were 32,123 students under mili-  
tary training. It is assumed that all  
of the military graduates will be fit  
for commissions in the volunteers.  
Good officers are not easily made, but  
training which can be had in a school  
camp goes a long way toward inspiring  
confidence in men wholly un-  
trained.

"The payroll of the railroads absorbs  
45 cents out of every dollar the public  
pays for transportation," says a writer  
in Leslie's Weekly. In 1914, according  
to this writer, the payroll total was  
\$1,381,000,000, and that was nearly  
two-thirds of the cost of railway op-  
eration.

Are the Apaches used by the army  
on the Mexican border the real sav-  
ages of the plain or the Buffalo Bill  
show kind? If they are real what  
boots our humanity talk when the  
United States employs them to hunt  
down human beings?

The finical critic has caught the  
schoolmaster president unprepared. He  
said "most adequate navy," whereas  
the adjective adequate means in itself  
"fully efficient," and the adverb is out  
of place.

A Dutch tugboat which explored the  
section of the North sea where several  
alleged torpedoing incidents took place  
located and destroyed twenty-four  
floating mines.

Boozeless beer in England and "pow-  
dered beer," of which 100 quarts can  
go by parcels post in America, show  
how far prohibition catches on to the  
conscience.

It might help morals in the movie  
shows to have now and then some  
barred to grownups "unless accompa-  
nied by children escorts."

When our army aviators get down to  
business no bandit's mountain lair  
should escape the searching bomb and  
grenade.

Now for a great Mexican traveler to  
write a book on darkest Mexico, with  
particulars as to bandit trails and  
caves.

"Sweet are the uses of adversity,"  
so, as sugar quotations now stand, ad-  
versity is also on the high cost counter.

In the language of world old logic  
those who are not for preparedness  
are against it.

One of the inventions for which the  
people are crying is a substitute for  
gasoline.

Why not get a good  
oil stove so that dur-  
ing the hot weather  
your wife or mother  
or sister or daughter,  
can prepare the  
meals in a cool, com-  
fortable kitchen?

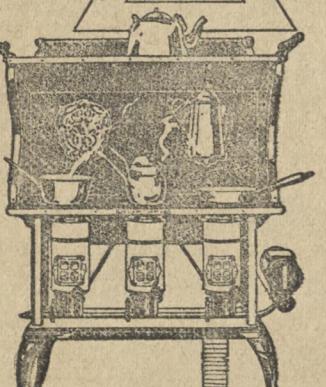
## NEW PERFECTION OIL COOK-STOVE

For  
Best  
Results  
Use  
Pearl  
Oil

There's no overheating  
the kitchen with an up-to-  
date oil cook stove. It's  
just like cooking with city  
gas. The burners con-  
centrate the heat at the  
different cooking points.

STANDARD OIL  
COMPANY  
(California)

No wood or coal or  
ashes to lug. No  
waiting for fires to  
catch up. The long  
blue chimneys do  
away with all  
smoke and smell.  
In 1, 2, 3, and 4-burner  
sizes, with or without  
ovens. Also cabinet  
models with Fireless  
cooking oven.



Alberg Bros., Niles, Cal.

Trimingham Bros., Niles, Cal.

## ANNOUNCEMENT!

# Columbia

I have just received the Agency  
for the

Columbia Bicycles  
one of the best known wheels in the  
country.

The 1916 Models  
have just arrived and are on sale  
from

\$35 to \$50, including the  
Columbia Racer

If anyone tells you that the Colum-  
bia Racer is not being built, they  
are trying to mislead you. Every-  
one knows that The Columbia has  
been the Finest Racing Wheel on  
the market for over 30 years.

## THE PRINCETON AGENCY

I also have the Agency for the  
Celebrated  
Princeton Bicycles

An exceptionally dependable wheel  
coming in

Five Different Makes  
in price from  
\$25 to \$45

In selling the Princeton for a num-  
ber of years I found them to give

Perfect Satisfaction  
and have never been requested to  
replace a Broken Frame in that time

Come in and See Them

## SPECIAL OF INTEREST

I recently bought the Entire Stock  
of

Diamond Double-Clinched  
Casings

from the Wholesale Dealers and  
from buying in quantities I can offer  
them for a short time

at only \$2.50

It will pay you to come in and  
look at these casings

Save Money on Them

From 200 to 250 Pairs of  
Tires Alway in Stock

I can furnish you with

Any Size  
Desire  
at Right Prices

Make My Store  
Your Headquarters  
When in San Jose

## Princeton Cyclery

L. J. DAVIS, Prop'r  
Phone S. J. 4492  
67 N. Market St. San Jose, Cal.

## Ferry's Barber Shop

Main Street, Niles

Shaving 15c Haircutting 25c  
Shampooing 25c Massage 25c

Hot and Cold Water

We Do High Class Work

## A. T. Anastasin

### TAILOR

## SUITS MADE TO ORDER

Cleaning, Pressing  
Repairing

Lynch Building Niles, Cal.

## ALTER, PRATT & RICHMOND

### UNDERTAKERS

NILES : AND : HAYWARD

Niles Parlor, I.O.O.F. Building

LADY ATTENDANT  
LICENSED EMBALMER

R. V. RICHMOND, Niles Mgr.

Niles Phone, Black 28

## CLASSIFIED

FOR SALE—Fresh cow with  
second calf, cheap.—W. H.  
Champion, Niles.

WANTED—A man 25 to 45 years  
who wishes to make good money.  
Must be diligent, honest, and active.  
Representing a great Western corpora-  
tion. Fine commissions. Training  
desired. Address room 402, Syndicate  
building, Oakland, California.

## House For Rent

Five room flat for rent; good loca-  
tion; bath; \$12.50 a month.  
Inquire at Register office.

## Notice

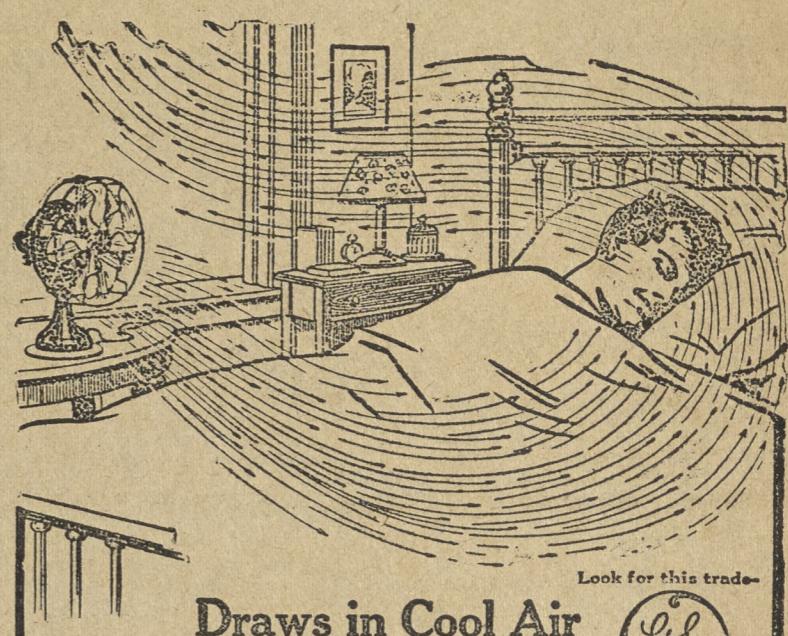
No trespassing or fishing is  
allowed on Sam Parks' place above  
Whitlock's.—Sam Parks.

Up-to-date stationery printed  
at the Register office.

## NOTICE OF HEARING APPLICA- TION FOR LIQUOR LICENSE

Notice is hereby given that Monday,  
the 29 day of May 1916, at the  
hour of 10 a.m., at the rooms of the  
Board of Supervisors, in annex the Hall  
of Records, in the City of Oakland, has  
been fixed as the time and place for  
hearing the application of G. O. Darrow  
to obtain a liquor license for the sale of  
liquor at Mission San Jose in Mission  
Election Precinct.

Geo. E. Gross,  
Clerk of the Board of Supervisors.  
Dated Oakland, Cal. May 8th, 1916.



Draws in Cool Air  
All Night Long



mark on your fan.

Pure fresh air in constant circulation  
when "there isn't a breath stirring"  
outside!

You can work better tomorrow if  
you sleep well tonight. Let us sell you  
the means to better rest.

*A G-E fan costs a trifle—lasts a lifetime.  
We sell them.*

## PACIFIC GAS & ELECTRIC CO.

Geo. L. Donovan, Agent, Niles, Phone—Main 19.  
A. Satterwhite, Agent, Centerville, Phone, 2J

F-65

## New and Second-Hand Buggies, Wagons and utomobiles at Right Prices

Highest Prices Paid for Second-Hand Vehicles

Moore's  
Mowing Machines  
D. M. FARR  
Orchard Trucks  
336-350 West Santa Clara St.  
PHONE, S. J. 1429 SAN JOSE  
"A Square Deal to All" John Deere Farm Implements



## CHOCOLATES

Fresh Bread, Cakes and Pies Every Day

Bread and Pastry delivered in every town in Washington Township

## MATTOS BROS.

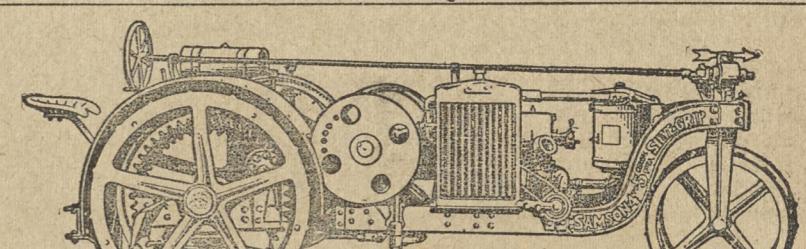
IRVINGTON, CAL.

### GENERAL BLACKSMITHING

Horseshoeing a Specialty. Rubber Tire Work Neatly  
Done. Latest Improved Barcus Shoeing Stall.

### Agricultural Implements

Agents for Benicia Disc Plows, P. and O. Implements, Champion and Buckeye  
Mowers and Rakes. All Kinds of Mower Extras. Barn Wagons.



## M. S. ALMAIDA, Agent for SAMPSON TRACTORS

From 4 to 6 horse pull \$725.00

From 8 to 10 horse pull \$1250.00

F. O. B. Stockton, Cal.

The Only Tractor that Will Do all Farm and Stationary Work

## Frischherz Shoe Shop

### Shoe and Harness Repairing

Full Stock of

### NEW SHOES

Prices Right

Lynch Bldg.

Work Guaranteed

Niles, Cal.

Get the —

## A Lesson That Was Well Taught

By Gross



## GRADUATION DRESSES

Dainty White Frocks in the Newest Styles  
AT MODERATE PRICES

Samples of Materials for  
Graduation Dresses  
With Fashion Sheet Mailed Free

Postage Paid on Mail Orders

## THE ARCADE

Canelo Bros. & Stackhouse Co.  
San Sose, Calif.

Phone Black 54 First Class Livery in Connection  
**HOTEL GREGORY**  
MANUEL LUCIO  
Special Attention to Traveling Men and Automobile Parties  
Try Our Sunday CHICKEN DINNER 50c  
CENTERVILLE, ALAMEDA CO., CAL.

## Niles Steam Laundry

FRED ROSE, Prop.

Laundry turned out by our laundry is bound to please, because good work is our specialty.

Work receives greatest of care.

Automobile Delivery

Clothes Cleaned

Phone--27J

Niles, Cal.

## Drink Your Way Back to Health, Strength and Efficiency

With Sanitary Drinking Water  
From The Famous

### Santa Teresa Springs

MRS. Y. BERNAL, Prop. PEDRO A. BERNAL, Mgr.  
Bottled at the Springs—Delivered F. O. B., San Jose.  
Stands for Homes and Offices, and Tilting crates for auto.  
outside trade furnished free.

Office, 404 S. Market St., San Jose. Phone S. J. 4668

### Bud Fisher by Walt Mason

Bud Fisher jumped the old-time rut when he invented Jeff and Mutt. For years, with that amusing pair, he's chased away the people's care, and made them laugh and throw their hats, and cackle till they broke their slats. The tired, the sad, the weak, the worn, have laughed with Bud, and ceased to mourn; the lame, the halt, the blind, the deaf, have whooped with glee o'er Mutt and Jeff. Where does he find the joyous jests which break the buttons from our vests? You'd think the fount would have to fail, but never once has he been stale.

When he sits down to hatch a plot in which his heroes will be caught, he lights his pipe, and soon a joke emerges from Tuxedo smoke. He swears by "Tux" and so will you, when you have tried a jar or two.



BUD FISHER

Famous Cartoonist, etc.

"Tuxedo has made a pipe my favorite form of smoking. Its coolness and mildness make pipe-smoking a real pleasure."

Bud Fisher

### Irvington Items

Mrs. May Costa is up again after a severe attack of bronchitis.

Loretta Mattos, who has been quite sick with tonsilitis, is improving.

Mr. and Mrs. Sturtevant returned Monday evening from a two days visit with friends in Alameda.

Mr. and Mrs. Lowell Dixon, Mr. and Mrs. Chester Dixon, and their father of Oakland, were guests of Mrs. M. S. Babb last Sunday.

Mrs. Hellen Threlfall has recently returned from Modesto and Stockton, where she had been visiting her son and other relatives.

The Irvington schools will hold appropriate services at the Irvington cemetery on Memorial Day in which all the school children will participate.

Joe Blacow, a former resident of Irvington but who has been a resident of Lassen county for the past several years is in the Alameda sanitarium in a very critical condition.

Joe Santos who was married to Miss Etta Rogers on May 1st, was taken suddenly ill at Hollister while the young couple were on their honeymoon and was taken to the hospital, where he still remains.

Bert Haley and Dr. Grimmer of Irvington, who were injured when their automobile hit a culvert railing on the State Highway, are sufficiently improved to be out again.

Mrs. Knudsen and daughter Esther of Irvington have just returned from San Diego, where Mrs. Knudsen went as delegate from Aqua Pura Rebekah Lodge to the General Assembly held in the southern city from May 8th to 13th.

### Card Of Thanks

We wish to thank the friends and neighbors who so kindly assisted us at the death of our father.

Michael Palmer, Jr.  
J. J. Palmer.

### "Martha" to Be Presented In Costume



THE comic opera "Martha" is probably one of the best known of the humorous operas. It is to be presented on the Chautauqua program by the Boston Lyric Opera Singers, a quartet of soloists especially selected for the parts in this opera.

### Do You Know That

Efficient muzzling of dogs will eradicate rabies?

The protection of the health of children is the first duty of the Nation?

Bad temper is sometimes merely a symptom of bad health?

Insanity costs every inhabitant in the United States \$1 per year?

The U. S. Public Health Service has proven that typhus is spread by lice?

### Notice

My wife having left my bed and board, I will not be responsible for any debts contracted by her.—Frank Dolan.

### Married Men vs. Single Men

The people of Irvington will be treated to a ball game Sunday between married men on one team and single men on the other. Both teams are made up of members of the Irvington Athletic Club, and the gate receipts will go into the club's treasury.

The game will undoubtedly be well patronized as the main object is to raise funds for the purchase of additional paraphernalia for the club rooms.

### Niles News

Mrs. Joe Rodrick spent Friday in the city.

Lester Duffy spent Friday in San Francisco.

Fred Nelson was a San Francisco visitor Monday.

Mrs. E. Delaney of Newark spent Tuesday with Mrs. Green.

Mrs. Bliss and daughter Amie, spent Friday in San Francisco.

### Ball Game Tomorrow

Local fandom is promised an interesting brand of baseball tomorrow afternoon at Sullivan's Park when the Niles team hooks up with the crack Centerville club. The locals have been particular to strengthen their line-up for this game.

The youngsters say that "money talks," and every dime paid in at the gate will enable them to give the public good games in the future.

The Niles colors will be worn by the following: Henry and Ben Nichols, who will handle third and first; Silva of Oakland, Breslauer, second and McCarty, Roderiguez and Chaix in the outfield; Fields and Cavanaugh, battery.

Mr. D. M. Farr of San Jose, who has a large acquaintance in this section of the country, wishes to see all of his old customers and others who wish "A Square Deal" in his line to call at his warerooms 336 to 350 W. Santa Clara Street when in San Jose. Mr. Farr's advertisement appears in the Register.

Dont forget the Native Daughters dance Saturday evening May 27th. Sykes Orchestra will be there.

Lee Scott is back at his old place at the Essanay studio, caring for the big plant and other property there.

Mr. and Mrs. Charley Carson and Mr. and Mrs. Russel Hamilton of Oakland, spent Sunday with the Nelson's.

## THE HELPLESS BUYER

Somebody ought to look after him

Now, there's almost nothing you men buy that you know so little about as clothes. You can tell if they fit, and you can tell if you like the way they look on you. Beyond that, what do you know?

You can't tell all-wool from seventy-five per cent cotton; there are plenty of both, and in many cases at about the same price. You can't judge how good the linings are; you don't know what's inside between the fabric and the lining; you are not a judge of tailoring enough to know whether the suit's going to keep shape or not. Don't be down-hearted; these are things that even experts can be fooled on.

As we see it, our chief duty as clothing men is to look after the helpless buyer—that is, most men who buy clothes. It isn't our principal business to sell; but to be sure that when we do sell, you shall get as much, or even more, value than you pay for. That really does explain why we do sell so much fine clothing.

## Spring's

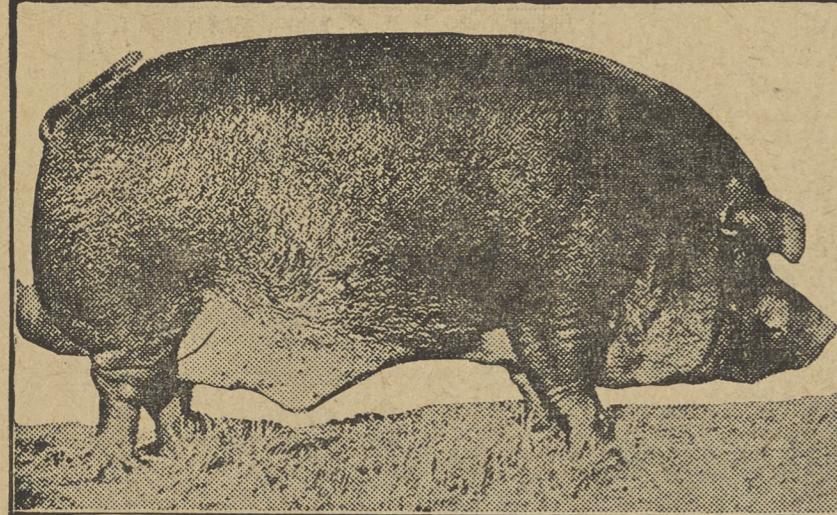
Est. 1865

Home of Hart Schaffner & Marx Clothes

Santa Clara & Market Sts.

San Jose, Cal.

## MOST COMMON TYPES AND BREEDS OF HOGS



Champion Duroc-Jersey Boar, "Big Wonder," Owned by O. P. Stevens, Ripley, Iowa.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

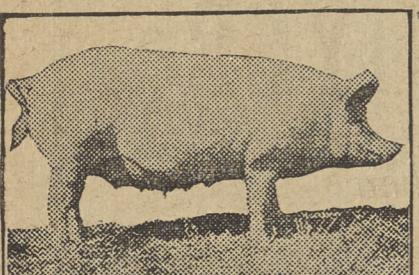
The lard or fat type of hog is the most common market type in the United States. In conformation he is a compact, thick-bodied hog on rather short legs. He is of a quiet disposition. The butcher desires a hog that will dress well and yield the largest percentage of high-priced cuts of meat. The breeder or feeder should endeavor to supply these, but he must have constitution and feeding capacity to make his operation profitable. From the breeder's or farmer's point of view prolificacy and early maturity are most desirable. Good quality is wanted by both farmer and butcher and is indicated by the fine, silky hair and smooth, mellow skin. The head should be broad and rather short; neck short and joining the shoulder without creases; jowl full but not flabby; and the shoulder smooth, deep, and well covered. The hog should have a broad, long, straight, or slightly-arched back, with a deep, smooth covering of fat. The loin should be broad and strong and level with the back. Hams should be long, deep, thick, and well let down on the hock. The body should be long and deep, the ribs being well sprung and the sides thick and side lines straight. Condition in the fat hog is important from the market standpoint. It is desired to have a thick, even covering of fat over the entire carcass, free from wrinkles or tires. Market demands vary, but a pig of 175 to 300 pounds usually will command ready sale at the best prices.

The bacon type of hog is less common in the United States, but is grown almost exclusively in other countries, especially Denmark. The bacon-type pig is less compact and carries less fat than the fat-type pig. He is characterized by greater length

and depth, relatively, and with longer head and lighter ham, shoulder, and jowl. The side is the main point emphasized in the bacon pig, and the shoulder and ham should be light and level with the side. Depth of body with moderate width is sought, and a smooth carcass with firm flesh is desired. The head is longer and the pig stands on longer legs than the lard-type pig. The bacon pig should not be made up of fat, but rather of firm flesh.

In studying, judging, or selecting breeding stock of pure breeding, the first thing to remember is breed type. By breed type is meant the characteristics of the particular breed under study. Each breed of swine has a set standard of desirable points as to size, conformation, form, color, and disposition.

The Poland-China is one of the extreme lard, or fat, type. It originated



Large Yorkshire Sow.

In Ohio, and is the most common breed of hogs in the United States. The Poland-China pig is black or black and white in color; has a short, broad head, with slightly dished face; the ears start strong, but break and drop about one-third of their length. The body is thick, broad, and compact, and deposits of fat are quite thick over the entire carcass. The hams and shoulders are heavy; the back is strong and broad, and its early maturing qualities are remarkably good.

The Duroc-Jersey breed originated in the United States. It is the most prolific of the lard breeds. They are good feeders and mature early. The Duroc type of pig is of the fat, or lard type, and it is red in color. The ears are slightly larger and the face longer in some strains than in others, but the best type has ears of moderate fineness and with a rather short, slightly dished face.

Chester White swine, also a United States breed, are of the lard or fat type. They have pendulous ears and large, long bodies, and reach heavy weights. They are good feeders and breeders. The Chester White is one of the most prolific of the lard breeds.

The Berkshire breed is of a medium to lard type, having length and depth with less width of body. They have erect ears and strongly dished face. This breed is of English origin and is black, with white feet and a little white in face and on tail, making "six white points."

### FORMULA FOR GRAFTING WAX

Four Parts Resin, Two Parts Beeswax and One Part Rendered Tallow Is Recommended.

A standard grafting wax consists of four parts resin, two parts beeswax, one part rendered tallow, each by weight. Melt together slowly so as not to boil.

Pour the melted stuff into a pail of cold water, grease your hands and spread the mass out under water so it cools evenly enough to be tough but not brittle. Remove from the water and pull like taffy. If lumpy melt and pull again. It ought to be fine grained and pull without being too sticky in the warm hand.

Make it into balls or bricks and put away in a cool place for use. It keeps a long time and is good for grafting or for dressing injured places on trees.

The wax is tougher if more beeswax is used or softer if larger proportion of tallow is used.

### PREPARE GROUND FOR TREES

Blasting or Dynamiting Process Is Presented as Best Method of Loosening Up Surface.

In some localities there is being considerable attention given to the preparation of the ground for tree planting in way of loosening up the soil to a depth that will insure plenty of moisture for the roots so as to carry the tree safely through the first season, even if considerable of drought prevails.

The blasting or dynamiting process is presented as the easiest, cheapest and best method of loosening up the surface for proper planting and for conserving moisture for tree growth.

### WHEN PLANTING POTATOES

It will pay to remember that it is best to plant—

Large pieces, at least from two to three ounces in weight.

Clean pieces, free from scab and smut.

Fresh pieces, not those cut several weeks before planting time.

Also, to see that all pieces are free from excessive sprouting; that they are not too greatly shrunk; that they are free from frost injury; and by all means

Free from disease, especially dry rot.

Treat seed with formalin or corrosive sublimate before planting, and take every care of the seed at the time of cutting.

# The THOUSANDTH WOMAN

BY ERNEST W. HORNUNG  
Author of *The Amateur Cracksman*,  
*Raffles, Etc.*  
ILLUSTRATIONS by O. IRWIN MYERS  
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### CHAPTER XIII—Continued.

—12—

And yet he seemed to make no secret of it; and yet—it did explain his whole conduct since landing, as Toye had said.

She could only shut her eyes to what must have happened, even as Cazalet himself had shut his all this wonderful week, that she had forgotten all day in her ingratitude, but would never, in all her days, forget again!

"There won't be another case," she heard herself saying, while her thoughts ran ahead or lagged behind like sheep. "It'll never come out—I like it not."

"Why shouldn't it?" he asked so sharply that she had to account for the words, to herself as well as to him.

"Nobody knows except Mr. Toye, and he means to keep it to himself."

"Why should he?"

"I don't know. He'll tell you himself."

"Are you sure you don't know? What can he have to tell me? Why should he screen me, Blanche?"

His eyes and voice were furious with suspicion, but still the voice was low.

"He's a jolly good sort, you know," said Blanche, as if the whole affair was the most ordinary one in the world. But heroes could not have driven the sense of her remark more forcibly home to Cazalet.

"Oh, he is, is he?"

"I've always found him so."

"So have I, the little I've seen of him. And I don't blame him for getting on my tracks, mind you; he's a bit of a detective, I was fair game, and he did warn me in my way. That's why I meant to have the week—" He stopped and looked away.

"I know. And nothing can undo that," she only said; but her voice swelled with thanksgiving. And Cazalet looked reassured; the hot suspicion died out of his eyes, but left them gloomily perplexed.

"Still, I can't understand it. I don't believe it, either! I'm in his hands. What have I done to be saved by Toye? He's probably scouring London for me—if he isn't watching this

window at this minute!"

He went to the curtains as he spoke. Simultaneously Blanche sprang up, to entreat him to fly while he could. That had been her first object in coming to him as she had done, and yet, once with him, she had left it to the last! And now it was too late; he was at the window, chuckling significantly to himself; he had opened it, and he was leaning out.

"That you, Toye, down there? Come up and show yourself! I want to see you."

He turned in time to dart in front of the folding doors as Blanche reached them, white and shuddering. The flush of impulsive bravado fled from his face at the sight of hers.

"You can't go in there. What's the matter?" he whispered. "Why should you be afraid of Hilton Toye?"

How could she tell him? Before she had found a word, the landing door opened, and Hilton Toye was in the room, looking at her.

"Keep your voice down," said Cazalet anxiously. "Even if it's all over with me but the shouting, we needn't start the shouting here!"

He chuckled savagely at the jest; and now Toye stood looking at him. "I've heard all you've done," continued Cazalet. "I don't blame you a bit. If it had been the other way about, I might have given you less run for your money. I've heard what you've found out about my mysterious movements, and you're absolutely right as far as you go. You don't know why I took the train at Naples, and traveled across Europe without a handbag. It wasn't quite the put-up job you may think. But, if it makes you any happier, I may as well tell you that I was at Uplands that night, and I did get out through the foundations!"

The insane impetuosity of the man was his master now. He was a living fire of impulse that had burst into a blaze.

"I always guessed you might be crazy, and I now know it," said Hilton Toye. "Still, I judge you're not so crazy as to deny that while you were in that house you struck down Henry Craven and left him for dead?"

Cazalet stood like red-hot stone.

"Miss Blanche," said Toye, turning to her rather shyly, "I guess I can't do what I said just yet. I haven't breathed a word, not yet, and perhaps I never will, if you'll come away with me now—back to your home—and never see Henry Craven's murderer again!"

"And who may he be?" cried a voice that brought all three face-about.

The folding-doors had opened, and a fourth figure was standing between the two rooms.

—CHAPTER XIV.—

The Person Unknown.

The intruder was a shaggy elderly man, of so cadaverous an aspect that

"I suppose it was."

Scruton ruminated a little, broke into his offensive laugh, and checked it instantly of his own accord. "This is really interesting," he croaked. "You get to London—at what time was it?"

"Nominally three-twenty-five; but the train ran thirteen minutes late," said Hilton Toye.

"And you're on the river by what time?" Scruton asked Cazalet.

"I walked over Hungerford bridge, took the first train to Surbiton, got a boat there, and just dropped down with the stream. I don't suppose the whole thing took me very much more than an hour."

"Aren't you forgetting something?" said Toye.

"Yes, I was. It was I who telephoned to the house and found that Craven was not motoring; so there was no hurry."

"Yet you weren't going to see Henry Craven?" murmured Toye.

Cazalet did not answer. His last words had come in a characteristic burst; now he had his mouth shut tight, and his eyes were fast to Scruton. He might have been in the witness-box already, a doomed wretch cynically supposed to be giving evidence on his own behalf, but actually only baring his neck by inches to the rope, under the joint persuasion of judge and counsel. But he had one friend by him still, one who had edged a little nearer in the pause.

"But you did see the man you went to see?" said Scruton.

Cazalet paused. "I don't know. Eventually somebody brushed past me in the dark. I did think then—but I can't swear to him even now!"

"Tell us about it."

"Do you mean that, Scruton? Do you insist on hearing all that happened? I'm not asking Toye; he can do as he likes. But you, Scruton—you've been through a lot, you know—you ought to have stopped in bed—do you really want this on top of all?"

"Go ahead," said Scruton. "I'll have a drink when you've done; somebody give me a cigarette meanwhile."

Cazalet supplied the cigarette, struck a match, and held it with unflinching hand. The two men's eyes met strangely across the flame.

"I'll tell you all exactly what happened; you can believe me or not as you like. You won't forget that I

met him in the dark."

He subsided into the best chair in the room, which Blanche had wheeled up behind him; a moment later he looked round, thanked her curtly, and lay back with closed eyes until suddenly he opened them on Cazalet.

"And what was that you were saying—that about traveling across Europe and being at Uplands that night? I thought you came round by sea? And what night do you mean?"

"The night it all happened," said Cazalet steadily.

"You mean the night some person unknown knocked Craven on the head?"

"Yes."

The sick man threw himself forward in the chair. "You never told me this!" he cried suspiciously; both the voice and the man seemed strong.

"There was no point in telling you. Did you see the person?"

"Yes."

"Then he isn't unknown to you?"

"I didn't see him well."

Scruton looked sharply at the two mute listeners. They were very intent, indeed. "Who are these people, Cazalet? No! I know one of 'em," he answered himself in the next breath. "It's Blanche Macnair, isn't it? I thought at first it must be a younger sister grown up like her. You'll forgive prison manners, Miss Macnair, if that's still your name. You look a woman to trust—if there is one—and you gave me your chair. Anyhow, you've been in for a penny and you can stay in for a pound, as far as I care! But who's your American friend, Cazalet?"

"Mr. Hilton Toye, who spotted that I'd been all the way to Uplands and back when I claimed to have been in Rome!"

There was a touch of Scruton's bitterness in Cazalet's voice; and by some subtle process it had a distinctly mollifying effect on the really embittered man.

"What on earth were you doing at Uplands?" he asked, in a kind of confidential bewilderment.

"I went down to see a man."

Toye himself could not have cut and measured more deliberate monosyllables.

"Craven?" suggested Scruton.

"No; a man I expected to find at Craven's."

"The writer of the letter you found at Cook's office in Naples the night you landed there, I guess!"

It really was Toye this time, and there was no guesswork in his tone. Obviously he was speaking by his little book, though he had not got it out again.

"How do you know I went to Cook's?"

"I know every step you took between the Kaiser Fritz and Charing Cross and Charing Cross and the Kaiser Fritz!"

Scruton listened to this interchange with keen attention, hanging on each man's lips with his sunken eyes; both took it calmly, but Scruton's surprise was not hidden by a sardonic grin.

"You've evidently had a stern chase with a Yankee clipper!" said he. "If he's right about the letter, Cazalet, I should say so; presumably it wasn't from Craven himself?"

"No."

"Yet it brought you across Europe to Craven's house?"

"Well—to the back of his house! I expected to meet my man on the river."

"Was that how you missed him more or less?"

### Poor Speculation.

In theory it is good to go about shedding sunshine and making two smiles grow where one groan grew before, but in practice the pursuit is sometimes unpleasantly painful. Should you, at the dinner table in the boarding house which you infest, humorously request the waitress to fetch you a few capsules in which to take your butter, or inform the landlady that she does not really keep her boarders longer than any other reduced gentlewoman in that part of town, but instead keeps them so much thinner that they look longer, you may win a few pale smiles from your fellow guests, but the mistress of the mansion will soak you two dollars more per week for your wit—*Kansas City Star*.

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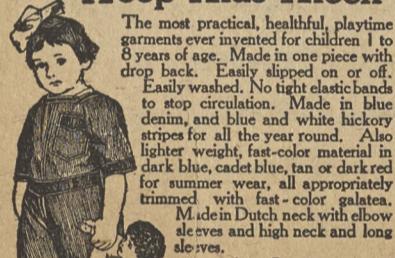
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Heard at the Palace.

How long have you been learning to  
skate?"

"Oh, about a dozen sittings."

Bill—Are you going to study tonight  
for Prof. Bumper's exam?Willie—No; I'm going down to the  
Faculty Club and let him beat me a  
couple games of pool.—Chapparal.

The New Yorker.

First Southerner—Were you in New  
York long enough to feel at home?Second Southerner—Yes, sir; why, I  
got so I could keep my seat in the cars  
with a lady standing and not even think  
about it.—Boston Globe.

Ruinous.

"What ruined your business?"  
"Advertising."

"How?"

"I let it all be done by my competi-  
tors."—Boston Transcript.Being  
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## TREATMENT OF WAR VETERAN

Bed He Was Compelled to Sleep on  
Was Uncomfortable, but Was  
Well Supplied With Legs.

An army officer said at a dinner: "The mutilated young heroes of the world war will be very finely treated for a few years; then afterward they will be treated no better, but probably worse, than anybody else."

"Look at our own Civil war veterans. Nothing very wonderful about their treatment, eh?"

"I remember a Civil war veteran with one leg who went to Ocean Grove one summer. His bedroom was clean, but the bed was most uncomfortable, and in the morning he said to his landlady:

"I couldn't sleep last night, ma'am. The room was clean, but the bed was more uncomfortable than the rocky fields I used to sleep in on my campaigns. The bed, in fact, is unsteady, ma'am. It has only three legs."

"Only got three legs, eh?" sneered the landlady. "Well, you old grouch, that's two more'n you've got!"

## Left Behind.

"When I wuz a young man, mum, de neighbors where I lived called me a 'human dynamo,'" said the languid looking tramp.

"Well, they wouldn't call you that now," answered the housewife.

"No'm. But I wuz like a dynamo in one respect."

"How was that?"

"The energy I created never got me anywhere."

## Progress.

"Why should women want the vote?" asked Mr. Twobble fretfully.

"Don't they run everything now to suit themselves?"

"Only within certain limits," replied Mrs. Twobble. "To the average woman of intelligence bossing a husband is such child's play that unless she expands her zone of activities she is apt to retrograde."

"Do you feel like hitting him then?"

"Yes, but I don't miss much. The story is usually so old that I know now it ends myself."

## DIFFERENT THEN.



## BE BELIEVED IN RECIPROCITY

Typical Street Gamin Makes Novel  
Proposition to Optician—Would  
Dazzle Their Eyes.

He was a typical street gamin with a blacking kit slung over his shoulder, and as he walked boldly into the store of Pennsylvania street optician his curly head scarcely reached the top of the counter.

"Say," he queried of the elderly gentleman who came forward, "are youse de guy wot runs dis joint?"

"I am the proprietor," was the reply.

"What can I do for you, my boy?"

"I've got one uv em reserprosity propositions t' shay at youse," said the urchin. "Gimme one uv yore chairs, an' I'll open up a shoe-shinery in front uv youwinder. See?"

"Not exactly," replied the optician. "I fall to see what benefit I would derive from such an arrangement."

"Well, it's like dis, mister," answered the youthful financier, "yer see, I puts such a dazzlin' shine on me customers' kicks dat it hurts dere eyes an' dey'll hafter come in an' buy specks uv youse. Savey?"—Indianapolis Star.

Strange, but True.  
"What is the title of that book you are reading?"

"The Woman Who Found Herself." Would you like to borrow it?"

"No, thanks. I'm a rather sentimental cuss, and I notice that the women who 'find' themselves usually have a profound contempt for us men."

## THESE CAMPAIGN FUNDS.



The preacher—It's better to be right than president.

The Gambler—Yes; and it's a whole heap sight cheaper, too.

## A Near-Hero.

"You say you saved a young woman from being drowned last year?"

"Yes. Several people lost their lives on that day."

"Did you have a hard battle with the waves?"

"Oh, no. She intended going for a sail in the boat that was capsized, but I persuaded her to spend the afternoon tangoing with me."

## Certainly Not.

"These gilded youths don't seem to have much on their minds."

"I guess that's lucky for them."

"Why so?"

"If our streets were paved with pie crust they wouldn't stand much traffic would they?"

## Unappreciated.

"Do you subscribe to the theory that virtue is its own reward?"

"I'm compelled to," answered the diligent reformer.

"Why so?"

"My neighbors don't even thank me for my conscientious efforts to show them the error of their ways."

## Noncommittal.

"Who is this Miss Chiseldine Flub-dub who sends in an account of some affair? I never heard of her in society."

"Well, say she's a decided favorite in the circle in which she moves."

## Obliged to Leave Early.

"Daughter, your new beau doesn't remain very late. The last one used to hang around until the milkman called."

"Well, you see, dad, this one is a milkman."

## As She Expressed It.

Aunt—You'll be late for the party, won't you, dear?

Niece—Oh, no, auntie. In our set nobody goes to a party until everybody else gets there.

## An Editorial Theme.

"Whither are we drifting?" murmured the editor of the Plunkville Palladium. "Guess it's time for another editorial on that."

"Aw, that editorial is out of date. The question now is where are we at?"

## A Little More German.

Professor—You're not enough of a

militarist, Mr. Smythe.

Student Smythe—Why so, sir?

Professor—Every time I call on you

you're not prepared.—Michigan Gargoyle.

## A Drawback.

"There is one class of votes the politicians will not be able to control when women get the ballot."

"What is that?"

"The vest pocket vote."

## The Sort.

"You looked very sympathetic when Mrs. Jagers was talking to you. Was she telling you a moving story?"

"I should say so. She's been in six houses in as many months."

A Famous Physician's  
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with poison.

Everything But

"If a man has the price he can get anything he wants and the way he wants it."

"Don't know about that. There's the medium soft-boiled egg.—Browning's Magazine.

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## Bowser Is Tender

He Comes Home and Finds  
Mrs. Bowser With a  
Headache.

By M. QUAD  
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When Mrs. Bowser arose the other morning she found herself heavy headed, and black specks floated before her eyes. It was a bilious attack, and she knew that she was in for a long day's headache. She said nothing to Mr. Bowser, knowing how he regarded such things, but went down to breakfast with false cheerfulness. The sight of food nauseated her, and he, being busy thinking of a deal he had on hand and being in a hurry to get away from the house, noticed nothing unusual.

Ten minutes after Mr. Bowser had departed Mrs. Bowser was in bed again with throbbing temples. The cook came up to say:

"It is what you call appendiceetus, ma'am. I had a brother who was seized with the mortal ailment, and he looked just like you do."

"It is nothing but a headache, Maggie," was the reply.

"Are you sure it is not typhoid fever?



POOR GIRL! POOR GIRL!"

wet towel on my forehead I wish you would go down and leave me alone. It almost cracks my head open to talk."

"I will do as you say, ma'am, and I hope it won't be a case of consumption. I had a cousin who was taken down with consumption, and we who stood watching over his bedside saw his ears twitch. I don't think yours are twitching any, however, and you

may recover from it. There you are with the wet towel, and here I go, and I will come up every half hour to see if you are dead or living. If I find you dead I will run for the coroner and the police and the fire department. I have studied to be a trained nurse, and I know just what to do."

Mrs. Bowser dozed at intervals all day, and she had a bad day of it. One of the things that she worried about, sleeping or waking, was the return of Mr. Bowser at dinner time. She knew just how he would act and just what he would say. He would declare that it was all her fault; that she had gone around barefooted and caught cold; that she had eaten a whole cocoanut and thus upset her stomach; that she had done a dozen things no sensible woman would do. Having brought the headache on herself she must get over it by herself. He could have no sympathy for such a careless woman. Then he would go downstairs to eat his dinner alone and grow more vexed every minute, and when he was through with the meal he would go down to the furnace and slam and bang the door and toss the poker across the cellar to make all the noise he could. Mr. Bowser wouldn't do these things to be mean, but just as a moral lesson to teach her to be more careful of her health.

Mr. Bowser came home.

Mrs. Bowser heard him open the door and shivered.

The cook heard him come in and saw that the way was clear across the back yard to the alley in case she had to make a skip for it.

Not seeing Mrs. Bowser in the hall or the sitting room Mr. Bowser descended to the kitchen and asked:

"Has Mrs. Bowser gone shopping?"

"No, sir," replied the cook. "Mrs. Bowser is lying on her dying bed upstairs and has been ever since you left the house this morning. If I knew how to work that telephone I should have had at least four doctors here hours ago."

Having said this, she prepared herself for the impending outburst, but none came. Mr. Bowser turned pale and walked softly up two pairs of stairs and still more softly opened the bedroom door. Mrs. Bowser lay with closed eyes, and he tiptoed to the bed and kissed her and smoothed down her hair and whispered:

"Poor girl! Poor girl! I am so sorry for you. I'll go down at once and telephone for the doctor and tell him to let nothing interfere with coming at once."

"I wouldn't do it, my dear," replied Mrs. Bowser as she opened her eyes.

"I have had one of those beastly bilious headaches all day, but I am getting the better of it now."

"Thank heavens!" exclaimed Mr. Bowser as he raised his hands. "Maggie told me that you were as good as dead, and it took all my courage to come up here. Ah, yes, you are better, and probably by tomorrow you can be

out of bed again. I am not a trained nurse, of course, but as any doctor will tell you, the first thing is for you to get some food in your stomach. Mrs. Bowser, how would you like some fried pork sausages?"

The invalid managed to restrain the smile which was coming to her face and the shudder which was going to shake the bed and feebly shook her head in reply.

"My grandmother always wanted fried pork sausages when she had a headache, but of course things have changed since her day. I wish Maggie had known enough to have a corned beef dinner. With a choice among the meat, cabbage, carrots, beets and grains you could probably have found something to tickle your palate."

"We will have such a dinner some day next week," replied Mrs. Bowser. "I do not want anything to eat tonight."

"But a doctor would insist," persisted Mr. Bowser. "I will run downstairs and consult with Maggie."

Maggie was of the opinion when gravely consulted that cocoanut pie would be much better than anything in the meat line, and Mr. Bowser was

not more than a minute in getting under his hat and inside his overcoat and starting on a run for the bakery. He was back in less than ten minutes with a bland and good natured look and cocoanut pie, and with his own hands he cut it in halves and hastened upstairs. Mrs. Bowser thanked him very sweetly, but declined to eat. She said that in about three days she would eat three cocoanut pies all at once if he asked her to.

"But there must be something," he went on as he scratched his head in a puzzled way. "How about chicken soup? I can get the chicken at the butcher's in five minutes."

"Let it go this evening, dear."

"But mutton broth?"

"You are very kind, Mr. Bowser, but we won't talk of anything more in the food line. You may wet and wring out the towel, if you will, and then I will try to sleep again."

Mr. Bowser hastened to do as she wanted and then patted her cheek in a loving way and walked softly out of the room. He went down into the kitchen and told Maggie that he had pulled Mrs. Bowser through the crisis and was quite sure she would live. He warned her against rattling the dishes or the stove lids and then went up to the sitting room and took a seat and folded his arms and waited. He felt a glad relief and did not kick at the cat when she came around to rub against his leg. He thought of telephoning to the doctor. But what could the doctor do more than he had done if he should respond? He thought of the way he had conducted himself on previous occasions, and he felt ashamed of himself.

Mr. Bowser heard autos and wagons going past the house with a rattling and a banging, and he wanted to rush out and throw frozen potatoes at the heads of the drivers.

A cat wailed out in the back yard, and he softly raised a window and made use of such words as promptly sent her jumping over a seven foot fence.

There was a boy yelled out in front of the house, and he wished that that boy had no less than six boils on his legs.

There came a long interval of silence, and Mr. Bowser was dozing off to sleep when there came a sharp ring at the door. He started up with muttered imprecations on the head of whoever it might be and tiptoed down the hall and opened the door. There stood a man who whiningly asked:

"Boss, can you give a poor fellow 10 cents for a night's lodging?"

"I will give you ten, twenty, fifty, a hundred!" shouted Mr. Bowser as loud as he dared, and he surprised that poor unfortunate by throwing him off the steps headfirst into a snowdrift and then picking him out again and throwing him over the fence. Neither of them enjoyed the performance very much—the tramp because he was the victim and Mr. Bowser because he had to be quiet about it.

The tender hearted guardian and protector of Mrs. Bowser returned to the house and his watch, and nothing further occurred to create a disturbance. Even the cricket on the hearth buttoned up his lips, as they used to term it.

Bowser nodded. Bowser slept. In his dreams he saw Mrs. Bowser dancing around the room and declaring that she had never felt so good in ten years.

The bells struck midnight. Bowser awoke. Mrs. Bowser stood before him and was saying:

"My headache is all gone, Mr. Bowser, and I want to thank you for your kindness."

"Y-e-s," he replied, with blinking eyes. "You had one of your durned old headaches and made me no end of trouble. You brought it on yourself by some careless act, and if you ever do it again it will mean but one thing—di-vorce!"

Bowser had recovered from his tenderheartedness. He was Bowser again.

#### Getting Even.

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"You fooled 'em, eh?"

"I should say so! Just for spite I leased every available billboard and plastered my name all over my native village."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

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